



was a brook just at hand.
The Princess being dressed
and crowned, was placed on
a little throne of turf; her
companions began to dance
round her, singing at the
same time the following
song:

Little Maids, who on the green
Gather the Violets sweet,
Let your nimble feet be seen
In mirthful measures meet;
Now form around
This flowery ground,

B 4

Now